

dom been listened to since the days of Frederick and Pasta. The audience were electrified.

actor was repeatedly called before the curtain some minutes elapsed ere the play was allowed to proceed. In fact, the third act, right on to the end, whether by Mr. Kean, Mr. Ryder, or Mr. Siddons, was admirably represented, and we may say that the play, as a whole, was well acted. The plot, however, brought on by filial ingratitude and passion to be represented, and its cruel excesses are most wonderfully displayed, with a few exceptions at times, sometimes sinking into a morbid idiosyncy and then awakening again to a more natural pathos, that makes the spectator weep as well as tremble.

In the fourth act, as the reader knows, the play of the madman's madness takes a new phase. He has evidently lost his mental consciousness and recollection in than in any previous part of the play; but the scene is so well acted, as witness:

THE POWER hangs the coxcomb
Through latticed chinks small vines do appear—
Roses and furrow'd gowns like all. Pate like with gold
And the strong language of justice hurries breaks;
The power hangs the coxcomb
And asks that of me, my friend, who save the power

to feel the scourer's pipe. Get these glass eyes, and, like a seamy politician, soon lose the things that he has won.

A speech of course, that appears in strange contrast with the semi-comic insanity of the few last minutes.

The tragedy, however, assumes a consummate and fearful character in the last act, in which the hero, in the agony of death, bids new royal, Cordelia, and the gradually waking senses and sympathy of the aged king are beautifully displayed, though still enveloped in the cloud of insanity. To Cordelia, half unconscious of her identity, he says:—
I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Fourscore and three; I feel myself a fool;
My brain is troubled. — How long I have
Fetters! I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you and know this man;
I am—I am doubtful—for I am mainly ignorant
Of that Place where this is; and all the while I have
Remembered not these garments;—no, I know not;
Where I did lodge last night.—Do not laugh at me;
For I am mad. I think the lady
Is to my child Cordelia.

But above all, the notice of the audience was attracted to poor Lear's last dying efforts, as he uttered the fears of those around him, and in despair exclaimed:—
Oh, she is gone forever!
I know, when one is dead, and when one lives.
She's dead as this earth. Lend me a looking glass.
I'll see myself. I'll see my breath mist or stain the stone.
Why then she lives.

The scene was surprisingly touching; and, with altered mind he turned to the officer

killed the slave that was a hanging there,
 Did I not, fellow?
 Have seen the dead man's blood biting falchion,
 would have made them wear skip.
 —And then with painfully altered tone—
 I am old now;
 And these same crosses spoil me. * * Who are you
 and what do you want?
 The last speech, somewhat prolonged, and
 pathetic, while still watching over his only
 daughter's corpse, are equally affecting; and the
 conscientious critics, who give the preference to
 the demonstrations of the third and fourth acts, yet
 do not deny that the first is full of pathos, and
 is not without causing a tear to bedew the cheek
 of many a fair spectator, not to mention the stern
 of the audience.
 To deny to Mr. Keen a first position in the w
 of the tragic drama, is a simple absurdity.
 They have not met their merits were equally rich
 dispute. To Mr. Ryder, who played Edg
 character of acknowledged difficulty—great h
 due; for he did it no slight praise—full ju
 the thought of the tragedy, and the scene
 in his track, and at the end of the fo
 where he bursts into indignation on reading Co
 nter. Next in order we may notice Miss P

whose long experience of dramatic business and acting, and whose
 knowledge of the stage, and of the habits and feelings of the
 audience, gave him the ability of saving his pardon, being
 more than all, however, as long lovers of. More than all, however,
 we were delighted to see Kent, most agreeably and so judiciously
 as to no small thankfulness to the spectators, and to the
 veteran John Cooper, whose genial smiles and
 friendly conversation seemed to have made him more
 active and lively than he was a little more ago, when
 he was already a veteran of the stage. The evening
 was a grand success, and the audience was
 more than ever, and with more spirit than is usual
 in this old public favorite the last remnant of
 the grand old school of acting. Graceland and
 Egerton school of acting. It deserves to be
 praised. It was justice, however, to those
 of the audience, made himself visible to the
 person of the audience. As for the ladies, the
 Miss Kate Terry made an excellent
 part. The evening was a grand success, and the
 audience was more than ever, and with more
 spirit than is usual in this old public favorite
 the last remnant of the grand old school of
 acting. Graceland and Egerton school of
 acting. It deserves to be praised. It was
 justice, however, to those of the audience,

count, *proh pudor!* she was beneath contempt for her utter inefficiency—a sure proof of the policy of making actresses of merely pretty faces. On the whole, I repeat, my visit to the Prince was as great an intellectual treat. As a rule it is unsafe to make the property manager carpenter, the scene painter and the antique dealer the place of the real actor, the representative of life and will and intellect. Mr. Keen, however, has always tempered his judgment, so as seldom or never to outstep ability; and besides, where a pure and critical taste can find fault, I quite approve of anachronism in judicious Night and Day. I am sure, therefore, yet he always brings such a store of knowledge to bear on the points, that where he does convince he never fails to interest. From any such nature—though the "Leak" of the Prince is a little more than a little—there is a perception of the past, and as such, a lesson on the general history of our country. The dramatic warning and diligence has never been doubted; and we are glad, from personal knowledge, to be able to see the man who has been so successful in the intellectually, and that too with no complicity, the events which he has set forth pictorially with such general effect and admiration. May Charles Keen long continue to pursue a career so profitable to the public.

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Mr. Lumley has now added an attractive band of players to wind up the *soirees*. These evening "Entertainments," the beautiful and accomplished pianist, makes her bow as Norina, in "Don Pasquale," and the charming and delicate soprano, the tenor, Mr. Francis, a first-class burlesque at the Haymarket has done a successful trick for Buckstone—*salle pleine* night. The business is wonderfully good at the Adelphi Theatre. Benjamin Harrison, with an English Polka, pretty and talented Miss Polly Keeley. Drury Lane is closed, and E. T. Smith, the lecturer, superintending his gin palace, the Madon, at the corner of Chan-anc and St. Paul's Church-yard, and the Alhambra, palace in Leadenhall-street, the horse and biped troupe of Messrs. Ho-Cushing entertain audiences of 5,000 every evening. Many have, in very despair, essayed to go to bed, and, having the time, will make another attempt to get into bed. Raising the curtain, the troupes of Christy minstrels. There are very many acts of kindness to their credit since we were here, and we have just learnt from the advertisement of Messrs. Albert and Arthur, that the complimentary benefit to the celebrated amateur given.

Mr. Joe Robbins' benefit is to come on at the Regent theatre on the 8th of next month. As many amateurs and celebrities are to appear on that occasion, we shall, after the night, indulge you with a full, particular and detailed account.

The Barney Williams, Anderson, Miss Elsworth